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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



'76

OR,

The Fall of the Great Republic

THROUGH THE

THIRD TERM CONSPIRACY.

BY

A REPUBLICAN.

Attorney at Law

NEW YORK:

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THE AUTHOR,

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K. K. - Sept 12/10

TO
The Memory
OF
HORACE GREELEY

The People's Friend and Choice,

AND

The Chief of my Profession.

PREFACE.

THE author's heart owes an apology to his head and the public, for publishing this hastily written brochure, in place of a long-conceived work, to be carefully prepared, and extended to embrace the history of the causes and influences which produced the rise of our Republic, to the time of the civil war, and, by contrasting them with those which have obtained since then, demonstrate the danger of its Fall. The downward march of events, however, has outstripped my time and pen, until, in unfeigned alarm at the immediate approach of this danger, I have been, perhaps, unduly persuaded by my feelings and friends to publish the second part of my work first, and in outline only, in the humble and sincere hope that its logic and purpose may atone, to the public, for its want of literary style and merit, and that that purpose may not miscarry. The design is to show that, by gradual steps of departure from constitutional landmarks and by centralization of power in the present Presidential incumbent and

“claimant,” a portion of the once “Sovereign” States of the Union has been ruthlessly and utterly overthrown. That, not only is the tendency to the complete overthrow of the whole, in time, inevitable, but that there is a conspiracy in existence for their gradual usurpation, and the establishment of a military despotism upon the ruins of the Republic.

That the Third Term is the key to the plot, and to the power by which it is to be consummated ; and that the usurpation will not stop with the State, but that free suffrage and individual rights are also to be overthrown.

That we are drifting on the flood-tide of corruption, bred of the supremacy of the money power, from one war inevitably into another, against—not the Union, as before, but against the Republic itself, unless the moral strength of this Third Term conspiracy is stamped out at once by popular indignation and alarm, and its support made odious and dangerous.

That the military element is, by nature, hostile to and dangerous in the civil service of a Republic, and must be removed by making military men ineligible to the office of President at least, their right to which they must resign when they accept military honors from the Republic, in lieu of its civil honors. That what is and has been transpiring since the last Presidential election is and was part of this

scheme, and that it had its origin in Presidential aspirations, prior to that time.

That what has followed was the legitimate effects of causes then existing ; that the sequence has been in natural order, and, unless those causes are removed, these effects must continue to their complete logical termination.

In order that these premises may be established beyond argument or cavil, the conclusions admitted, and the people aroused to the imminence of their danger, the plot of the book, which represents the plot or conspiracy itself—step by step, in the order of occurrence or execution—is introduced in the Dream of Ulysses, written by the author immediately after the Philadelphia Convention of 1872. To the remarkable and alarming exactness and rapidity of the fulfilment of this dream especial attention is asked, as to its general outlines, if not to all its minor details.

From such fulfilment of the author's predictions, or rather inductions, of two years ago, contained, not only in the dream, but also in the sequel, written immediately after that election, he now claims credence for his demonstration of the methods by which the plot is to be developed and pushed, and for the essential fulfilment of his present, as well as his former predictions, or deductions. These admitted, the im-

perative duty of every man will appear, and the people rise as one man in patriotic and untiring effort, forgetting all parties, to overthrow the present “claimant” at the next election, if he cannot be driven by popular indignation to withdraw from the Presidential contest.

That, to make this secure beyond chance, the people must be aroused to the danger at once, before public opinion is influenced on the Third Term question, by the making up of party issues, and the drawing of party lines; while the people are free to think and act; before party fealty is required, and the nominations are made. That the work *must be done before this, if at all*, and the time is none too long. That if it is *not* done, *free elections may never be seen again, in this country*, until a people’s war shall restore them.

That, in the coming struggle between Liberty and Despotism, he that is not for the Republic and its principles is against it; and that there can be but two parties to the real and vital issue—the “anti-Third Term,” or the people’s party of Liberty, and the anti-Republic, or office-holder’s party of Despotism, debauched by plunder, and reeking with corruption and fraud. That this is the issue, big with fate to us, to the world, and to posterity; and that it must be met squarely, and settled for all time to come, or

Republican governments will have proved a failure, in the judgment of mankind.

That, as to the present struggles going on between these same principles and powers in the South, the North must speak out, in tones that shall be heard and respected at Washington, or we shall wake up too late, with our hands bound by the same infamous chains, our ballot-boxes overthrown by the same conspirators, upheld by the same bayonets, commanded by this same "Third Term" or Life "Claimant."

Trust him not, North nor South; nor Black nor White; a friend to none, betraying all, a common enemy.

And when election day is o'er,
When he is driven from the door,
The White House to disgrace no more,
Let laws be passed, to stand between
Our homes and these disgraceful scenes.

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’76 :

OR,

THE FALL OF THE GREAT REPUBLIC
THROUGH THE
THIRD TERM CONSPIRACY.

CHAPTER I.

THE DREAM.

Cajoled, and flattered by the hour,
He smokes, and dreams of kingly power.

I, ULYSSES, once was told
A hackneyed legend, quaint and old,
Which makes a century near complete,
Since Freedom won this proud retreat;
Where human wisdom, ripe and pure,
Framed model laws, that should endure,
When thrones and crowns should melt away,
And tyrants cease to spoil and prey;
When feudal lords should shrink in dread,
Before this grand Republic’s tread.

Thus, dreamed its founders, years ago,
And vainly men believed it so,
When thrice, in blood, the compact sealed,
A mighty war its strength revealed;

When Vict'ry led its conq'ring hosts,
Till treason ceased, and rebel boasts
Were heard no more throughout the land ;
When Peace and Union, hand in hand,
Had hovered o'er the North and South,
With words of pardon in their mouth.

To honor arms that saved the state,
And stayed the tide of blood and hate,
In gratitude, for conquered peace,
This gen'rous people gave me lease
Of power—because their soldiers' chief—
Then turned from war, in glad relief,
To win a prosperous, happy peace,
And pay the war debt's vast increase.
They left me at the helm of state,
To close the ghastly wounds of hate ;
Assigned the nation's power, in trust,
To check corruption, fraud, and lust,
Until a stipulated hour,
I should return their lease of power,
With full accounts of how 'twere used,
So they might judge if 'twere abused.
Before the lease could be renewed,
My stewardship should be reviewed.
But now—I have betrayed that trust ;
Have fostered hatred, fraud, and lust ;
Assumed my right to place and power
Beyond that stipulated hour ;
Withheld the record of its use,

And then denied there is abuse ;
Denied the right to be reviewed,
And now demand that lease renewed,
In name of party, at whose head
I cling to power on issues dead ;
Whose only plank—it is my last—
Is but the record of the past.

So long have I betrayed this trust,
To gratify my greed and lust
For gain, and name, and sov'reign power,
That now I dread the parting hour,
When to my shades I must return,
For fortune ne'er again will earn
Such place, and power, and wealth, and fame
As chance has poured upon my name.
If I permit the people's voice,
They will reject my second choice.
I am resolved, by Cabinet backed,
To lobby through th' Enforcement act,
The Civil Service—damn Reform !
If loyal members don't perform,
I'll bring with fearful weight to bear
My patronage, on those who dare
Oppose the mandates of my will,
And vote against the Ku Klux bill.
Th' Enforcement act I must extend,
And the Habeas Corpus writ suspend,
For then my tools will have control,
And keep my rivals from the poll,

And, should this fail—my vote prove “thin”—
Could count them out, and count me in.
This done, I will conceal my hand,
But make it felt throughout the land.
By flatt'ry, threats, and force, and bribes,
I will compel the venal tribes,
Of ev'ry party, faith, and name,
To help me win the coming game,
The fierce campaign of Seventy-Two;
And then I care not what they do;
For ere the year of Seventy-Six
I'll beat Napoleon at his tricks.
A standing army then will be;
Election, but *Plebiscite*.
And should this raise opposing might,
My Gatling guns will make it right,
When “Sovereign States,” no more supreme,
With National bayonets thickly gleam.
’Tis but one step from money power,
With which I rule the present hour.
Thus, when my power grows well in hand,
Backed up by my corrupted band
Of Conklings, Mortons, Murphys, Leets,
With all the Rings of moneyed cheats,
I'll spring my *coup d'état*, and seize,
Th' power—and wield it—till I please
To make “Prince Grant,” at whom they sneer,
Our “English Cousin's” Royal peer;
Our “Royal Family” be no joke,
When all the plebeians wear our yoke,
From Horace Greeley and Gratz Brown

To the laboring people down.
The *World* and *Tribune* be suppressed ;
The *Times* be rich, and owned, and blessed ;
The *Sun* have ceased to "shine for all,"
When Danas hear my Shepherd's call.
The old *Express*, will I revive,
And on its Southern Power survive.
George William C.—he spared my Ring—
Shall be "Whitewasher" to the King ;
And Nast, in Royal favor sport,
The clown, and flatt'rer to the Court.
Then Sumner, into exile sent,
Shall be on Saint Domingo pent ;
While Schurz—the rascal—I will choke,
And stuff him for a German joke,
To teach the Dutchmen, who rebel,
A warning that will serve them well.
All smaller foes in dungeons lie,
But Horace Greeley—he shall die
Beneath th' Imperial guillotine.
Oh ! how I long to view the scene ;
And see John Brown, done up once more,
With John left out and Gratz before.
The people's guns would then be spiked,
And I could manage as I liked.
Then, treason would be odious, too,
When none dare question what I do.
The Fates I would command reversed,
Proclaim myself Ulysses First,
And found the House of Grant and Dent,
With Royal rev'nes, to be spent

In Royal splendor, pomp, and state,
And men will call me "GRANT THE GREAT."
For "we" will make such grand display,
Upon "our" Coronation Day,
As jealous monarchs o'er the sea
Will dread a new Napoleon B.
This proud Republic then will be
An Empire vast, from sea to sea;
Enlarged, by treaty, to each pole,
Through Fish, in his accomplished rôle.
We'll then lock horns with Johnny Bull,
Should he dare roar, and paw, and pull,
And push him, till he begs and cries,
And hastes to eat those "humble pies"
He fed "us" on, when but a State,
Before "we" were a potentate.
This done—we'll roar across the straits,
Demanding why France violates
Her neutral obligations so,
In selling arms to Mexico.
And if she sues for humble peace
"We" may extend her doubtful lease.
And then we'll bellow at old Spain,
Until she sues for peace again (?),
And hastes to give up Doctor Hourd,
Through mortal fear of being gored.
"We" then should offer Germany,
For sake of future harmony,
Between "our" Empire of the West,
And its rival of the East,
Through Kaiser Wilhelm, lasting peace,

In matrimonial bond and lease.
“Our” “Prince” Ulysses then shall be
The son and heir of Germany.
And “Princess” Nellie change her name
To fill John Bull’s desire for fame.
And then, like Alexander, I
For other worlds to conquer sigh.

Princes then “our” kin will be,
Quartered on the Treasury—
For finance is “our” family forte—
While Casey shall preside at Court.
And Gould and Corbin use the State
To “corner” Wall Street, and create
“Black Fridays,” and divide the cheat,
While “we” shall “bull” and “bear” the “street.”
“We” shall be King of Wall Street then ;
The richest King among all men.
“Ours” will then no cottage be,
But “Royal Palace,” by the sea.
Murphy, be Lord Mayor of Cork,
Roscoe Conkling, Duke of York,
And Lord Chief Justice of the realm ;
With Premier Morton at the helm,
The Duke of “Hoosier” then create.
The Viscount Fish, my Chief of State
And diplomat, so shrewd, astute,
Of international dispute.
“Old Ben Butler,” Duke Orleans,
Procurer of the Royal means,

And Keeper of the Royal "Spoons."
Commissioner of Tides and Moons
Shall Wilson be, the good old soul,
Who played for "us" the labor rôle.
Porter, be the Head of War,
And Dent, of the Interior.
"Our" Minister of Customs, Leet,
And Stocking, of the Royal Fleet.
Badeau—"our" trusty, faithful aid—
A peer for life shall then be made ;
Lord of the Records of the Ring,
And Chief Historian to the King.
Father Newman then shall be
Archbishop of the Mormon See ;
Privy Councillor to the Court,—
Loyal Preacher—heavenly sport.
Cameron hold the Treasury gate,
And Boutwell have the Syndicate.
Creswell keep the Royal Mails,
And intercept disloyal tales.
Cullen Bryant then shall sing,
The Poet Laureate to the King ;
The virtues of "our" reign rehearse,
In *Post*, and in heroic verse.
The *Journal of Civilization* (?) be
The Journal of Court, to flatter me ;
For it has earned and proved the tale,
That it and Curtiss are for sale.
His model Civil Service then
Will soon commend itself to men,
When civil lists shall be increased

A hundred thousand men at least,
Till every village through the land
Shall beat responsive to "our" wand.
"We" thus would give support and place
To all that servile, venal race
Of office-seekers—who keep still
While drinking of the public swill.
A million men, at lowest rate,
Will fodder at the crib of state,
In army, navy, civil list,
And these will keep the others whist.
The friendly press be subsidized,
But hostile papers, though disguised,
Shall, on suspicion, be suppressed,
And writers subject to arrest.
Then will Royal pomp begin,
And th' glories of "our" reign set in ;
"Our" Royal Stud be unsurpassed
In horses fine and horses fast ;
"Our" leash of hounds, of Royal blood,
Fed on Royal, dainty food.
The Central Park of York shall be
"Our" Royal Park, where none but "we"
Shall hunt, and breathe the fragrant air,
And view the costly beauties there.
While, fronting on its eastern gate,
"Our" Royal Castle, grand and great,
Shall rear its towers above the pile
Of princely domes that grace the isle.
Here, shall the seat of Empire move
From Washington, when "we" approve ;

For, when this era shall arrive,
Connecting memories might revive
A dangerous contrast to the state
The Nation's Fathers did create.

“Our” Summer Court at Long Branch be
A pleasure palace by the sea.

“Our” Winter *fêtes* eclipse afar,
In regal splendor and *éclat*,
The dazzling *fêtes* Napoleon held
Before he was from France expelled.
“Our” Nobles be no Lords by birth,
Nor men of learning, nor of worth ;
But Dukes, created by “our” word ;
By money raised above the herd.

Dependant thus, none would object
To power supreme, and “we,” unchecked,
Could draw the reins upon “our” friends,
Should they aspire, or thwart “our” ends.
More absolute will be “our” power
Than any despot’s of the hour.

Above “our” friends, beyond their reach,
No earthly power could “us” impeach.
The only road, left to repeal,
Were revolution’s last appeal.

“Our” guillotine shall guard this well ;
And none escape who once rebel.
And yet there is a dread I feel,
Of the assassin’s midnight’s steel ;
Or that some Brutus shall arise
And quick avenge their liberties.
Yet, scarce will yield this venal age

A man like Brutus, or engage
Such Roman courage—Roman pride ;
But, should it chance, none such shall hide
Beneath the robes “our” Senate wear.
In exile shall such spirits bear
The dreadful curse of Royal hate ;
Thus rid “our” Kingdom of the great,
No leaders left, we would corrupt
All venal souls that might disrupt ;
When public morals have become
Far more debauched than ancient Rome.
Established thus in fav’ring hour,
“We” would transmit “our” sovereign power,
And place “our” son upon the throne
Of this great State, by “us” o’erthrown.

NEW YORK, *June*, 1872.

CHAPTER II.

THE SEQUEL.

AND now this fierce campaign is past ;
The ship of State is grounding fast ;
Although not wrecked, she may be sunk
By crew debauched—with victory drunk.
The smoke of battle clears away
To leave this drearer still in sway.
Before—few stopped to think—reflect—
But blindly fought to re-elect ;
Spurred on by party whip and pen,
And led by office-holding men.
Forgot the safety of the State,
Incited by misguided hate
Of men, while principles were lost,
Or simply worth the sums they cost.
But *action*, now, gives place to *thought*,
Which should have led the men who wrought
The work their cooler judgments doubt.
For, since they put their foes to rout,
They dread far less proposed amends,
Than evils breeding with their friends.
The victors e'en begin to fear
While shouts of victory fill the ear ;
And, ere they die upon the air,
They shudder lest the fruits it bears

Shall turn to ashes on their lips,
And Freedom reel, in wine that drips
From wounds, to which they closed their eyes,
Before it was too late to rise,
And since, corruption planned the scheme
Foretold so truly, in his dream,
Writ months ago before the vote
Had proved the truth of what was wrote.
His dream, thus far, has been fulfilled;
The scheme has carried as he willed.
He has secured the people's voice,
Although against that people's choice;
And claims this is a final bar
To all complaints that were, or are.
With vict'ry flushed, his stubborn will
Shall brook less opposition still;
And should the purpose move his soul,
By slow approaches, to control
The powers supreme throughout the land,
What law would stay his ruthless hand,
Should he another war provoke,
To raise an army—and invoke
Its aid—corrupted first, by gold?
France thus was twice betrayed and sold
By tyrants, worse than those who, born
To power and honor, would but scorn
To plunder those they would oppress
And plunge a nation in distress.
Trained in war's despotic art,
The tyrant lives, within his heart.
In his dark bosom, who can tell

The thoughts on which his mind may dwell ?
Ambition may his silence feed ;
His lucky star may still succeed.
And shall we be deceived, like France,
By vain conceits, that no such chance
Could overthrow this sovereign State,
Until it be, alas ! too late ?
We boast of our intelligence ;
Of our uncommon common-sense ;
And, flattered by the pleasing theme,
Believe the people are supreme.
In these delusions dangers rest ;
We are on *par* with France, at best ;
While, in its practice, England is
Far more advanced in liberties.
Our masses fail to see the net
In which they're caught ; or, soon forget.
They have no care, or will not see
They are but mocked with liberty.
Or, if they see, they will endure,
Robbed of their rights, and insecure,
Until their wrongs are so extreme,
Their last resort, is, to redeem
What they have lost, by force and blood,
Which were maintained, had they but stood
Like Europe's peoples, jealous, wise,
To watch, and check all foul emprise.

Go to our polls, and there behold
What suffrages are bought and sold ;

And then, come own with me, in shame,
Our liberties are but in name.
For, like to sheep, the mass are led
By black bell wethers at their head.
With all this brutal force at hand,
Wealth to corrupt it at command ;
Time and purpose only wait
To overthrow this mighty State,
Unless the people burst the chains
Of greed, that hold them in their pains ;
For dang'rous breakers roll ahead,
And yet may roar above our dead,
In revolution's dread alarms,
Opposed by patriots, massed in arms
To save the freedom of the State,
Which peaceful means deferred too late.
His dream may all yet prove as true,
As that transpired, in mouthis so few.
Some healing balm at first may soothe
Opposing elements, and smoothe
This low pretender's stealthy way,
To power supreme and kingly sway.
His Civil Service and Reform
May serve the people's hearts to warm ;
And this may be his treacherous sop ;
But he will not, like Judas, stop,
Nor, in remorse, return the gold
For which his country has been sold.

NEW YORK, November 15, 1872.

CHAPTER III.

THE CONSPIRACY.

AND must Republics breed this blot—
Corruption's plague—and die of rot ?
Have we a brood of Cat'lines here
Without one Cicero to fear ?
No Consul pure, but Cæsar small,
With Cæsar's Senate in his thrall ?
The time for doubtful words has past ;
Our chains are being swiftly cast.
Behold our sister, New Orleans ;
Let each State ask what all this means.
A few months more, and all is lost
Unless we overthrow this host—
This scum of war—who rule the hour
With all corruption's deadly power.
Ulysses now unfolds his dream,
As times and chance invite the scheme.
His silence breaks, which held at rest
Our doubts and fears, until the test,
By cautious friends had been applied,
The people's temper fully tried,
Before he asks them to extend
His term and power, to grasp his end.
Meanwhile, by flatt'ry of his name,
They claim, the nation owes his fame,

Some special tribute—such *éclat*—
As one exception in the law
Unwritten—yet with power to bind
A Washington, and all behind—
A line of noble men and true,
A law none would, or dared, undo ;
A sacred right, whose breach was harm ;
At which the people took alarm,
From such suggestions of bad faith,
Until Ulysses, nothing saith ;
When people said “the fools have brought
The question up without his thought.
He wants it not ; the scribes are mad ;
Would make us think Ulysses bad.”
But they forget the fatal play,
When e'en a Cæsar put away
The crown his flatterers would have laid
Before the people, soon betrayed.
Meanwhile, the *Herald* fawned and frowned,
Alternate, crawling on the ground
Before its “Cæsar,” set on high ;
Then, soaring in the people’s eye,
Caught up their patriotic cry,
And “Down with Cæsar, let him die
This great Republic would o’erthrow.”
Then, stealthy to his counsels go,
And come away to spread the rot,
The secret organ of the plot ;
Insuring thus its own retreat,
In case the scheme should bring defeat,
And it should fail, itself to sell,

When it has sold its patrons well,
And played the game of confidence
Upon the people's trusting sense.

This pricked the *Graphic's* needy ear,
As this was not *ascension* year;
For Good-sell's power and money soon
Went higher up than his balloon.
Thus he sought employment, hence
This office of "Intelligence;"
This Third-Term Bureau, on Broadway,
Where *Junior* Bennett now holds sway.
In humble accents, Good-sell plead,
"Give me a crust of Third-Term bread,
And I will not cartoon you more,
Nor print that placard * o'er your door."
At this the gallant knight stood still
And shed the mighty goose's quill;
Then smiled, and seemed to be appeased,
And said the wish his purpose pleased.
He was to be the Great High Priest
To call the people to the feast,
And play the high and moral rôle,
Till Grant could get them in control.
To do the bloody work, and grind,
Grant's own "*Republic*" comes behind.
But some cheap man the party needs
To "whitewash" its offensive deeds.

* "The Intellectual Department of the *Herald*."

This you can do—some crumbs will fall—
These you can have if true through all,
By “Graphic Process” you inflate
This new balloon with gas of state;
Nor rip the canvass, nor collapse,
Disgusting people with our traps.
Obsequious Good-sell bowed, agreed,
And said these crumbs were grateful feed.
Forthwith his sheet became inspired
With Third-Term zeal he thus acquired.
With these, Grant’s busy *claquers* chimed.
“Discussion foolish, and ill-timed,”
Said all, yet kept it rife, and stirred,
That both the theme and plan be heard,
Until familiar with the thought,
Our Third-Term fears be brought to naught.
Thus silently they cleared the way,
In summer’s solstice, when its ray
Unerves the watchful minds of men,
Whose only foe is Cancer then.
Thus, night and day, they plotted deep
Against the people, lulled to sleep,
Until at last their scheme is ripe,
To lower the flag beneath its stripe,
So soon as summer ceased to burn,
When autumn days and strength return.

The muzzles were already wrought
By which the Press was to be taught,
When guileless Poland—faithful knight—

Was still alive, in buttons bright.
An organ, next, was sought, nor found
This "man of silence," so profound ;
For none of power dared grind with will
His tares within the people's mill.
Ulysses then was wroth, and drank,
And swore to turn his own sweet crank,
With Treasury gold, to buy and grind
An organ that should suit his mind,
Within the great metropolis,
Its field and purpose simply this.
He searched it long, and searched in vain,
Compelled, at last, he reared his fane.
" *Republic* " is its title, free,
Chosen for his treachery ;
Presided o'er by geniuses,
Create by this Mephistopheles ;
Unknown, till, by his magic wand,
They burst their swaddling breach and band,
And blossomed forth, without distress,
These royal lions of the Press,
To overawe its feeble sense,
And break its mighty influence.
His editors are *made*, not *born* ;
E'en learning they despise with scorn,
Befits their "great and silent chief,"
Whose "genius" stand in strange relief
Against the pygmies of the land,
Whose race and minds could once command
Respect, before his "genius" rose.
These now stand back, and wait for those

Whose "genius" supersedes our brain ;
Whose muscle o'er our mind has lain ;
War's evil Genius and its "Dream,"
Its "Golden Age," its brute *régime*.
From this hour hence occasions grew,
And time stayed not, but swiftly flew ;
The plot straight forth developed fast,
And each bold step outdid the last.

NEW YORK, *September*, 1874.

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CHAPTER IV.

THE COUP D'ÉTAT.

Now to my party I will say,
'Tis useless to dispute my sway ;
I euchi red you—*you* made it *black*,
I hold your Joker, Left, and Jack.
Here is my hand, the trick is mine ;
Submit, or I will build a shrine
On which your homes, your lives and flag
Shall burn to ashes—worthless rag !
For I will kindle war again,
And rear a throne with arms and men,
Where this Republic stood before.
The people are supreme no more.
With all disguise I soon shall cease ;
It served *me well*—‘ Let us have peace.’

To horse, my knights, the times grow kind ;
My organs shall keep guard behind.
Election day approaches fast,
Halt not, but ride till it is past.
No foreign war could I invoke,
Nor petty nation thus provoke,
Where Congress would sustain my hand,
And place the war-power at command.

Thus am I left this last resort,
With fiends and black men to consort;
Precipitate, with deep disgrace,
A cruel war, a war of race,
Upon our brethren of the South,
Left powerless in the demon's mouth,
Which party fastened on its neck;
Which has devoured all left by wreck
Of dreadful war. This scourge of peace
The South has borne without release;
These nine long years, in patience borne,
Such tyrannies as would have torn
A Northern State long since with war.
This patience now we scourge them for.
Pretexts else, we waited long,
With galling laws, to tempt to wrong;
Yet all, they bore in silent pain;
We watched for some excuse in vain;
Pretexts now we must invent
To drive them into discontent,
And fix on them some gross offence,
That, in the name of law's defence,
The army hence I may command,
To hold the polls within my hand.
When Congress shall assemble next,
I first will make these ills the text
For opening up the war again,
To raise a standing army then,
And garrison both South and West;
Hold "Whites" and "Indians" at rest,
And keep the *Black Hills* out of harm.

Meanwhile I will incite alarm
Through Indian Rings and agents there,
And bring about an "Indian war;"
Which Custer's raid was to invoke,
And lawless miners may provoke.
A frontier army guard the West,
And on the Mississippi rest,
Whose entrance now is in control;
The base and key to hold the whole.
With this reserve, to wait or do,
The South, I then will hot pursue.
I have already there the tools;
The Knaves to guide my willing fools—
The Blacks—both spoiling for a fight,
That they may plunder left and right.
These forces I have all in hand,
Faithful to my least command;
For "Carpet-baggers" I protect,
Whom fraud nor negro votes elect.
Durells and Kelloggs live by me;
While Caseys thick lie round to see,
And keep them loyal unto me;
Whom but my word permits to be.
A breath from me and they would die;
But th' people then would rule—not I.
Hence, robbers answer best my ends,
So—noble Knights—embrace these friends
And through the South the firebrand sow;
Cast it wide, nor cast it slow.
Rouse hate, revenge, and wars of race,
Till I shall intervene, by grace,

To stop these feuds, and in this wise
Hold Whites and Blacks by compromise,
As friends to use as I may will.
Hence, I shall kill the Civil Bill ;
And o'er the South my sway extend,
Its Vulture and its " mutual friend."
The South subdued, the North comes next,
With slight delay, to breed pretext ;
Plundered first by robber's rule.
I have a "carpet-bagger's" school
In every little town, and great,
Well trained, e'en now, to rob the State.
One half the North they now control
By Fed'r'al aid, and will the whole
So soon as troubles shall arise
Between the people and my spies—
To some rash act, at last provoked—
When Fed'r'al aid will be invoked,
And more Durells and Kelloggs grown
On ruined States, by arms o'erthrown.
Thus, one by one, these " Sov'reign States "
Will be usurped, time only waits
To stop the ballot-boxes' mouth
By marshals, armed, as in the South.
Then, when the North is overturned,
She may remember how she spurned
Her Southern Sisters in their woes,
And met their helpless pleas with blows,
To hold her party fast in power ;
And thought to use me for the hour.
My hand shall turn, in ruthless scorn,

Against the North, when helpless shorn.
She sowed the whirlwind for the weak ;
That whirlwind soon will smite her cheek.
Her liberties shall be her graves ;
Her venal sons shall be my slaves.

NEW YORK, *October, 1874.*

CHAPTER V.

THE PEOPLE'S LAST APPEAL.

STAY—countrymen—e'er Freedom's boast
And all our Liberties are lost.
Shall freemen thus despise the grave
Of sire and son who died to save
The laws and homes the Fathers gave,
And brake the shackles of the slave?
We—cast *their* pearls before these swine,
A sacrifice upon the shrine,
They busy plot, in stealth, to rear,
Before the people rouse with fear?
Arise—ye Fathers—from the dead,
And save the land for which ye bled.
Adjure thy sons to rise, and stand
For Freedom, won by thy brave band.
Drive back these tyrants o'er the Styx,
Beyond the bounds thy blood did fix;
Back, where all fiends and tyrants dwell
In royal shades of Earth or Hell.
Hurl them down Columbia's heights,
Whence they would cast our dearest rights.
Plant Freedom's standard firm, once more,
Upon Columbia's sacred shore,
Where tyrants e'er have breathed their death;

Where Freedom's air is fatal breath
For treacherous soldiers, and for kings
Who breed corruption, and its rings,
And then, in turn, upon them feed,
To gratify their lust and greed.
Let Freedom's air, these war-plagues purge,
On which, doth live this cankerous scourge.
Thy shades may then return in peace,
When thou hast thus renewed the lease
Of Liberty, and rights to men,
And tyrants cease, nor spoil again.
When all who plot against this State
Shall have endured an Arnold's fate ;
Nor Arnolds linger, uncondemned ;
Nor Burrs be left with power to lend.
Let not Oblivion hide their shame,
But by-words be their hated name,
Who would betray the people's trust,
To gratify ambitious lust ;
Who would o'erthrow the proudest State
The World e'er saw, in Freedom great.
Let men be men—stop this excess ;
And cease to worship brute success.
Expose no more our rights to shame,
By flatt'ring martial men, and fame.
They but pull down what we build up ;
And little talent fills the cup
Of his success who would destroy.
While, to create, mankind employ
The greatest geniuses of time ;
Unseen they may be, yet sublime,

And God-like in their mould and mind ;
Creators for the human kind.
But men of war, and cheap success,
In what the world delights to bless,
Are those who share the fiend's delight,
And but undo what God made right.
A soldier may combine these gifts,
Who levels first, then upward lifts,
And makes it better than before ;
But Grant destroyed, and nothing more.
He earned his name, for such success—
“The Butcher, of the Wilderness.”
This line divides the race of men
In every calling, every kin.
“Success” is, therefore, not a test ;
The meanest men are oftenest blest.
Cease, then, to bow to brutal force ;
Nor adulate his selfish course.
From this degrading worship rise—
Restore our ancient liberties.
Rid us of this Hydra head,
And, with it, all the woes it bred ;
And let no soldier hence aspire
Our civil honors to acquire.
To choice, let both be open still,
But, once accepted, he that will
Have martial honors and a name
Resigns his right to civil fame.
Ambitious captains then shall feed
No more upon the nation's need.
Republics thus were ever schooled,

Not one has stood by soldiers ruled.
Hence laws must be that shall forbid
Another, when of this one rid.
Rise, then, in strength, like patriots true,
Up—this mighty purpose to pursue ;
Nor rest until Election day
Shall hurl this dreamer from his sway.
The “rebels” *now* are those in power ;
Disguised, their arms usurp the hour.
Then wait for Sumter’s guns no more,
But beard this monster at the door,
And cast its carcass in the mud,
Before it calls for letting blood.
This is the people’s last appeal
To ballots free—next comes the steel,
And wreck of war, all that is left
When once of Liberties bereft.
Our enginery of war and peace
He holds intact, nor would release
Until we stopped his cannon’s mouth,
And then—what then ! we, like the South,
In ruin left, could not emerge
For scores of years from war’s fierce scourge.
Oh, Freemen, listen ! Cease your strife
For party spoils ; for death or life
To this Republic now impend,
Which Freedom calls us to defend.
Arise, before another flood
Shall bear away our bravest blood.
This tyrant’s hand is on our throat ;
Rest not, nor let a moment float.

Alas ! One hundred years—this all
Of Liberty before the Fall ?
What dreadful portents, then, are these ?
Whence evil omens we appease ?
Why seek our fears to cover o'er—
These strange coincidents ignore ?
Why strive to banish from our mind
This horrid spectre of mankind ?
Is this the land of Washington ?
Are these the liberties he won—
The “ Father of his country’s ” praise ?
This, his successor, who betrays ?
This, Charon grim—the River Styx
He drives us o'er in “ SEVENTY-SIX ? ”
It guarded long, Columbia’s shore ;
No Charon dared it cross before,
Nor leave the tyrant’s loathsome shades.
Before him now our watch-fire fades,
And Freedom’s light dies on our shore ;
While, waiting at Inferno’s door,
His ministers conduct us—led
To torments which our Fathers fled.
From whence come all this ugly brood ?
War’s evil genii, sharp for food,
Have bred this curse—this side the Styx—
To overthrow our “ Seventy-Six.”
E’en on that sacred year’s return,
Its “ Declaration ” they would spurn ;
And desecrate its holy name,
By tyrant’s rule, and freeman’s shame ;
And make a byword of our name,

Once honored for its virtue's fame.
Thus, all our sacred names are used ;
The people's confidence abused,
And e'en our once great party's name
Is used to consummate our shame.
The power it won in Freedom's cause
Is now subverting all our laws.
It crushed the "rebel," freed the slave,
And now is used to dig the grave,
And forge the chains, for Black and White.
And North and South, with ev'ry right.

Our Commerce languishes, and lies
With sailless masts against the skies.
Our Industries, with doubtful strife,
Yet cling to feeble hopes of life.
Our Labor waits to be employed,
And all the wheels of Trade are cloyed.
Our Agriculture groans and cries
Until indignant Grangers rise.
Our willing hands, to delve or carve,
Are idle left, to steal, or starve.
E'en Capital, with silent dread,
Shrinks back, and hides from storms ahead.
No grand projections now are laid,
And progress through our land is stayed.

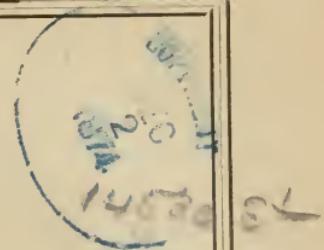
Whose faithless hands control such power ?
Why such forebodings fill the hour ?

'Tis TREASON!! *Speak*, while we have lease—
This is no time to hold our peace;
ARISE, before we lose control,
And REVOLUTIONS o'er us roll.

NEW YORK, *October*, 1874.

THE END.

’76



OR,

THE FALL OF THE GREAT REPUBLIC

THROUGH THE

THIRD TERM CONSPIRACY.

BY

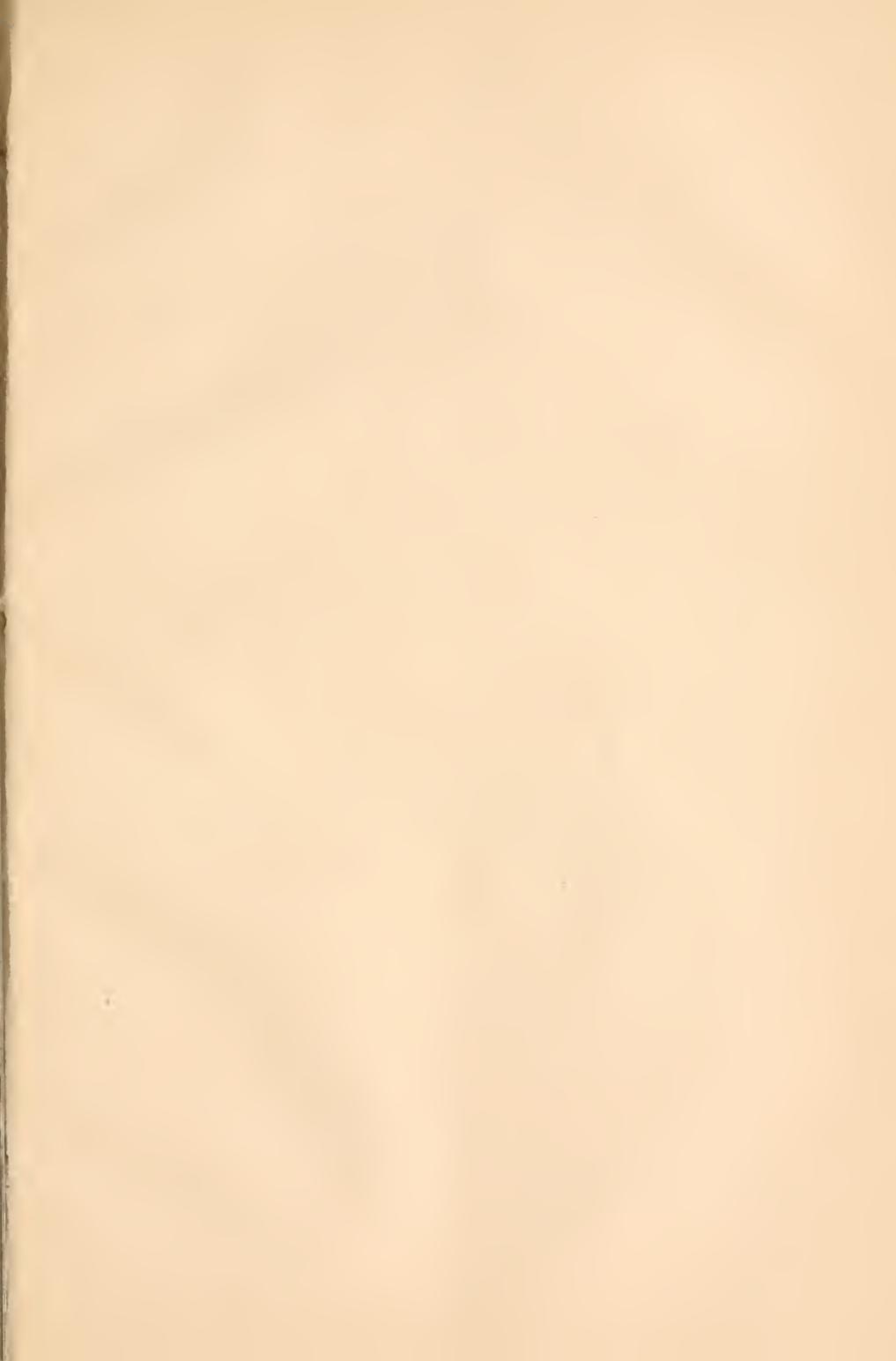
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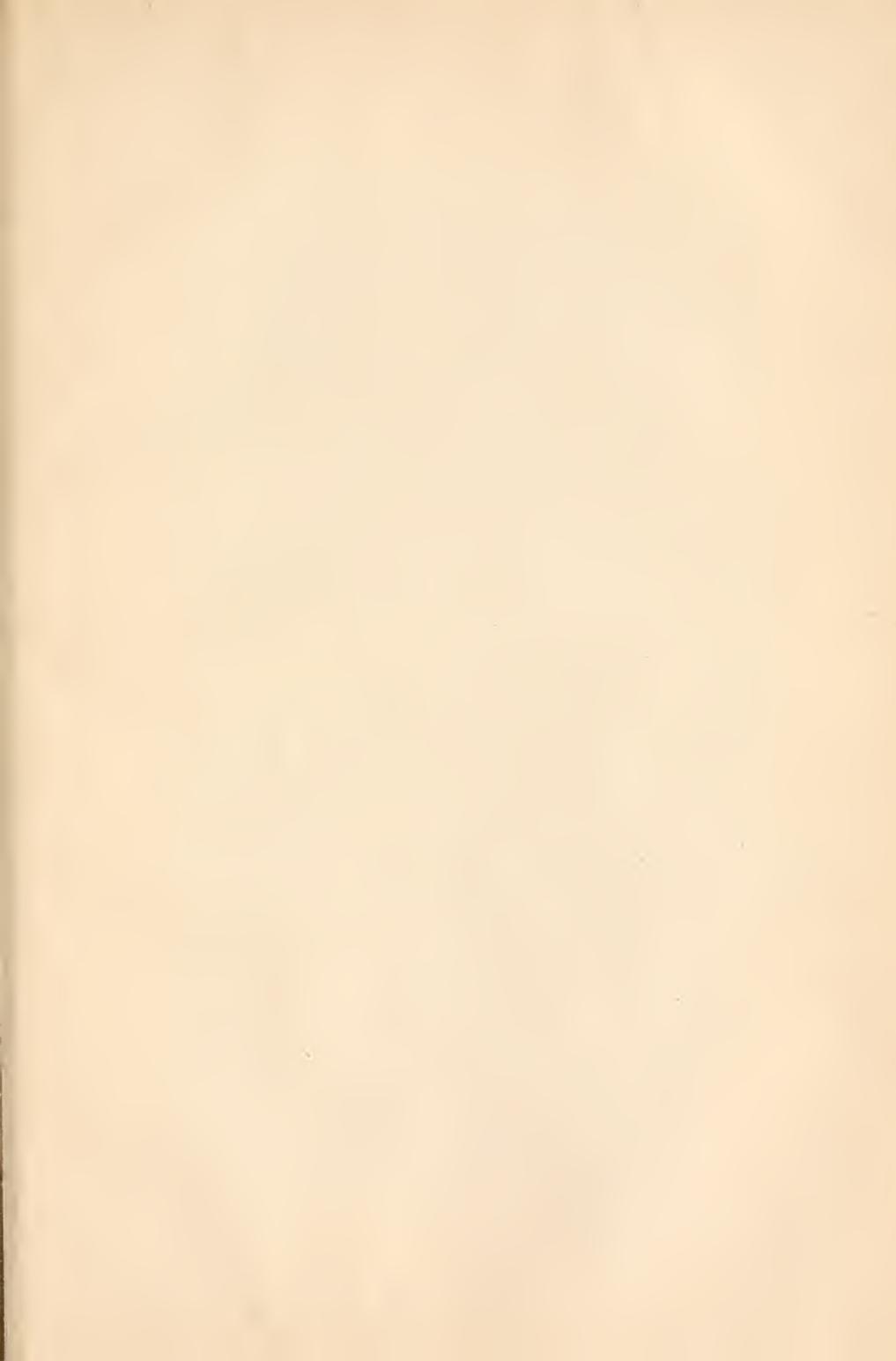
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